

VOL. IV.-No. 80.

SEPTEMBER 18, 1878.

Price, 10 Cents.



A MOST FASCINATING "MAKE-UP!"

MASSACHUSETTS DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.—"No, this, this time, for General Butler. Hip, hip, hurrah!"
GENERAL BUTLER, (addressing himself).—"Ah! I thought this was the world's end."

"PUCK".

No. 13 North William Street, New York.

FOR SALE BY ALL NEWS DEALERS.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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 POSTAGE FREE.

H. C. BUNNER.....MANAGING EDITOR.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Puck will hereafter be on Sale in London, at the News Agency of Messrs. HENRY F. GILLIG & CO., 449, Strand, Charing Cross.

Puck may be had in Saratoga at BRENTANO'S new store, opposite Congress Park.

Americans in Paris, hitherto reduced to "Punch", "Fun" and "Judy", will now find their natural paper on file at the "Herald" Office, 49 Avenue de l'Opéra.

We wish to warn the public, especially Americans sojourning in Europe, against a spurious edition of Puck, published in London under the title of "The Figaro." Though largely made up from our columns, the contents quoted are badly garbled, and are mixed with some foreign matter which we utterly repudiate. The only genuine edition of Puck is to be obtained of our authorized agents.

Remittances by Money Order, etc., are to be addressed to KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

Our advertising friends are only required to pay bills printed on the billheads of PUCK, with our stamp IMPRESSED thereon. KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

CONTENTS.

The Deluge of Greenbacks.
 Fascinating Butler.
 A Nursery Rhyme.
 The Vermont Election.
 The Presidency of Vassar.
 Reporters Libelled.
 The Young Man next door with the Violin.
 "The Wages of Labor is stole."
 Another Bosnian Difficulty.
 Marianna's Debut.—E. S. L.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.
 The Ballade of Nonsense.—R. K. MUNKITTRICK.
 THE THEATRES.—Booth's.
 Dramatic Notes.
 Good-bye Jan.
 ANSWERS TO THE ANXIOUS.
 PUCK'S Comedy Stories.—The Truffles.
 A Mayfair Mystery.
 PUCK'S EXCHANGES.

THE DELUGE OF GREENBACKS.

GENESIS, CHAP. VII.

1. PUCK and the hard-money animals enter the Ark.
 6. The beginning, increase and continuance of the flood of greenbacks.

And PUCK said unto Hayes, Come thou with all the boys who are solid on the hard-money question into the Scow, for thou hast, I see on this point a level head.

2. Of all the leading beasts, clean or unclean, shalt thou take as many as thou canst get, whether Republican or Democrat, provided they don't believe in greenbacks.

3. For yet a little while will I allow these idiots to have their fling, and then they shall be destroyed from off the face of the earth.

4. And Hayes did according unto all that PUCK had commanded him.

5. Then there went in with Hayes into the Ark, of clean beasts and beasts that are not clean, of foul things and everything that creepeth on the earth, Henry Ward Beecher after his kind, Jay Gould after his kind, John Kelly after his kind, James Gordon Bennett after his kind, Samuel Tilden, Wm. M. Evarts and Roscoe Conkling after their kind.

6. And it came to pass that the greenback flood was upon the earth.

7. And the greenbacks prevailed exceedingly.

8. And Peter Cooper couldn't keep afloat even with his air-cushion.

9. And Dennis Kearney and other nauseous and foul things of his kind perished.

10. And even Ben Butler had to go under.

11. And all who had advocated the flooding of the country with greenbacks were nowhere.

THE FASCINATING BUTLER.

BULLY BEN! Ben of the Dutch Gap Canal! Ben, the *vade mecum* of Boston Custom House aspirants for office: Ben, the great cross (eyed) examiner, Ben, the polychronious* voter for Jeff. Davis; Ben, the bottled—O, Ben! Puck hopes you will capture the Democratic Convention in Massachusetts. You never yet captured anything of any particular value excepting shekels and spoons; but now, if you do not make a blunder in political strategy as bad as the many mistakes in military strategy which you have so often made, dear Ben, you can capture the Democratic Convention, sure.

And listen to PUCK's advice. You must "follow your hand" and be all things to all men. The Irish element you must conciliate, or else wherefore live you in a Christian land with Pat. Collins, Johnny Fitzgerald and the erudite Riley? Not to speak of those masses clustering about the purlieus lying around and adjacent to the foot of Hanover street—and the noble patriots of North street.

A little bit of Bourbon (democratic as well as liquid) would do you no harm among those noble patriots in Massachusetts who bought Substitutes during the war, rather than take up arms against their southern brethren.

Also, show all your votes for Jeff. Davis in 1860.

The church you might conciliate by a long rosary at your girdle like the Friar in "Romeo and Juliet." Mr. Monty Field, of the *Museum*, will doubtless supply you with one.

Tack the Ku-klux on your stomach and the bowie in your boots to prove yourself a true bull-dozer.

And in your hands carry the trade-mark and pabulum of your party, the Greenbacks. Put these where they will do the most good.

Then, *then* you will capture the Democratic Convention, unite the Republicans against you—and be defeated.

A NURSERY RHYME.

THAT young issue-pooler named Kearney,
 Who flows over with bluster and blarney,
 Despises the rich,
 Politicians and sich,
 And the Chinesers in far Californy.

This Kearney whose front name is Denis,
 Who passes his hat 'round for pennies,
 Was bagged in New Yawk
 When he came here to talk,
 By Blair, who the snidest of men is.

Next day the papers were cramm'd full
 Of the speech and the oaths of this sand-ghoul,
 And when people read it,
 They with one accord said it
 Would sure be the death of the d—d fool.

PHIL FULLER.

[The author begs PUCK's pardon and explains that the profanity is due to his close sympathy with the subject in hand.]

It is all right, perhaps, to denounce Eve as the author of all our trouble; but it should be duly considered in her favor that she didn't run around with an autograph-album asking everyone to write verses in it.

A YELLOW dog may not be as valuable as a black-and-tan, but his bite is just as dangerous. Thus are things equalized.

* "Enduring through a long time." Look in your Webster.

THE VERMONT ELECTION.

THE first of September ushers in Autumn, and it also marks the awakening of the political prophet from his summer slumber. His first act is to take out the traditional slate and pencil and begin figuring on the Vermont election. The object of this is said to be to ascertain the drift of popular favor, and from it construct deductions for the other States. Now it is notorious that the vote in Vermont *never* changes. The Republican majority is always precisely the same. There is never any change whatever. A few days of delightful uncertainty elapse, and then the returns are footed up, and it is discovered that the Republicans have carried the State. This charming performance is gone through with annually with much pleasure to the politicians. It affords a good inducement to editors to use large type in announcing the result, and to display sundry eagles, crows, cocks and other birds of belligerent aspect in recognition of their gladness. The Democratic editors in Vermont have never had enterprise sufficient to buy this foul-yard outfit, and disconsolately express their views in figures. The stereotyped announcements are as follows—Republican:

VERMONT OURS!

THE GRANITE STATE STILL STEADFAST!
 OVERWHELMING REPUBLICAN SUCCESS!
 CRUSHING DEMOCRATIC DEFEAT!
 MAJORITY THE SAME AS LAST YEAR.

The Democratic editors are no less interested. They employ these head-lines:

[CROW.]

VERMONT!

GLORIOUS ACTION OF THE DEMOCRACY IN THE GREEN-MOUNTAIN STATE.

THEY HOLD THEIR OWN.

ENORMOUS GAINS IN THE STATE OFFSET BY BAD WEATHER.

DEMOCRATIC GAIN OF 17 AS COMPARED WITH 1804
 THE REPUBLICAN MAJORITY THE SAME AS LAST YEAR.

Apart from affording an opportunity for crows and head-lines, we do not see that the annual Vermont election is of much practical significance. And when we come to consider that there is never any change of sentiment there, we perceive that it affords a poor basis for calculations and comparisons. It may as well be stated that, unlike the rural districts of Pennsylvania, where Andrew Jackson is still a favorite, the voters of Vermont *do* change from time to time.

The principal changes are patriots from New Hampshire who come across the border to vote, a kindness which the Vermonters adjacent reciprocate every March when the election in New Hampshire occurs.

WHEN a man fires at a flock of birds and kills his son, who is standing directly behind him, he is not more surprised than were Blaine and his stool-pigeon, Hale, on the morning after the late State election in Maine.

WE sincerely hope that the freebooters known as the Brooklyn Ring will be squelched when they go to Syracuse. It is about time that Brooklyn was cleansed; it has had a moral yellow fever scourge long enough.

THE woodland glades are lovely now
 In gold and scarlet lustre,
 And on the swaying, breezy bough
 The minstrels cease to muster.

Which should be sufficient warning to the average young man that the proper time has arrived for the shooting of that duster.

THE PRESIDENCY OF VASSAR.

SO, the Associated Press informs us, Prof. Samuel L. Caldwell, of the Newton Theological Seminary, Mass., has been elected President of Vassar College.

We always liked Caldwell.

Long before Sam was a professor of anything; the time his aged grand-parentess seizing him by the slack of his trousers—but no matter.

There are some things too, too sacred to be imparted to the public for ten cents.

As we have said, we always kept on hand a love that enfolded itself, anacondawise, about the heart of Samuel, and hugged it.

Yet we regret that Sam is to preside over those dear creatures at Vassar.

Not that we love Sam less, but that we love Wooman, lovely wooman more.

Puck did not interfere in all the caucusing, the wire-pullings, the log-rollings which have been exciting the scholastic public for the many weeks now just past. We allowed the matter to be settled without any intervention on our part. But now that the trustees have stultified themselves by electing a *Man* to the position of President, we feel we can fairly, and without prejudice, announce the names we should have put in nomination.

We are not particular. We should have been satisfied either with

Mrs. Susan B. Stanton.

Miss Elizabeth Cady Anderson.

Miss Anna—Vinnie—Oh! what the Dickinson's her name?

Or, Miss Whitelaw Reid.

Any of these would have satisfied Puck. What we desire is that wooman should be educated by wooman.

What does Sam Caldwell know about doing up back-hair in coils, and putting in undiscoverable hairpins?

Did he, we ask in all sincerity, ever bang his front locks?

Does he consider himself competent to decide between Youth's Laird of Bloom and *poudre de riz*; and does he, or does he not, use a lamp-blackened crochet-needle for his eyebrows?

No mere Man is supposed to be "up" in such intricate matters.

And as to the Chemiloon question—why, we don't believe that Professor Caldwell ever even wore a chemiloon; and, worse than that—he wears his gart—his elastics below the knee!!!

But there is yet a still more serious side to this matter.

From what we know of Sam Caldwell we can safely assert that he believes wooman's kingdom is in her home; that to be powerful she must be essentially feminine; that her strength is in her beautiful weakness; and her glory is that her very dependence giveth her dominion.

How quickly would Susan B. Cady or Elizabeth Whitelaw Dickinson dispel such absurd fallacies!

They would at once arrange a curriculum for Vassar College, which would bring the young ladies now being educated at that seat of love to a proper realization of their duties as citizenesses—as Dave Reed, in his "Stump Speech," used to call it.

We would then have had our girls educated to that point wherein they could easily set men at naught, and erase, as it were, the human masculine gender from their copy-books.

Theses on "Primaries" would be written:

I. How to cram a "Primary."

II. How to sneer at the clothes of the Opposition until they "got mad" and bolted.

III. How to bounce the candidatess unless she "put up" for cut-paper patterns and ice-cream for the crowd.

Advanced classes would be instructed in the

larger ethics of Wooman's Rights; classified thus:—

Syllogism:

A Sinner should be punished.

Man is a Sinner.

Ergo, (q. e. d.) Man should be punished.

Before graduation female Bachelors of Female Arts would receive special lectures in the finesse of nagging; of voluntary hysterics; of the science of securing mysterious visits of mothers-in-law at inopportune moments for the male-sycophant of the family; and the prolongation of the m-in-l's visits.

Also, lessons in stump-speaking. "Fello-o-o-W citizen-women! Shall the American Eagle be allowed to crow? No! never! He must—that is she—that is—what we want is a Female Bird of Freedom that will cackle—the hen-Bird of Freedom"—etc., etc.

It is the non-education of lovely wooman that allowed her to be kicked out of Hilton's Wooman's Home. Can any right-minded female suppose for a moment that had Judge Hilton-Stewart's gorgeous caravansera been filled with Vassar graduates, brought up under the tutelary charge of Mrs. Susan B. Whitelaw, they would not have taken Mr. Tweed's judicial friend and have spanked him? Certainly, they would.

Spanking the male drone of the family would then have been in the curriculum of Vassar.

It will be seen at a glance what would have been the possibilities of the Vassar institution had Puck's ideas been carried out. But, as it is, we must make the best of it. Although Prof. Caldwell is only a man, these earnest words of kindly suggestion—not of dictation, O, no! not of dictation—will, we are sure, fall upon fertile ground, and, taking root, grow there. That is, inasmuch as it is in his power as a mere man to accomplish these great ends.

Puck himself would go up and give the girls daily lectures in the Whole Duty of Wooman, but for what Kearney would call the "mock modesty of modern civilization;" Puck's nether make-up being of that primitiveness that he fears a visit from him to the grounds of Vassar would result in his being chased off the premises by the angry assaults of the infuriated janitor.

E. S. L.

REPORTERS LIBELLED.

I heard, the other day, this cruel fling at a *Sun* reporter: He had been paid his weekly salary—a large one—on Saturday, and on Sunday morning a friend asked him for a small loan.

"What," cried the astonished reporter, "lend money at this time of the week! I spent my last cent yesterday."

Again, I heard a Heartless Falsehood about a *Herald* man. He was reporting an execution. It was just when the rope had been adjusted around the culprit's neck. "What do you call this stillness?" he asked of a *World* man by his side.

"I call it 'silence—the tribute to approaching death,'" replied the man of the *World*.

Next day in the *Herald* this line occurred: "Silence, the tribute to approaching death, then took place."

Next, there is current a Brutal Lie (I weigh my words carefully), a Brutal Lie concerning a *Tribune* Reporter. He had been a reporter only a few days and was full of ambition and enthusiasm. He read in the Brooklyn papers that a wealthy man in Remsen street was to give a party that very evening. Being near the mansion he hurried thither. "Tell me, for the *Tribune*," he cried, "all about your party—who? how many? when? why?" Though a man of reputation, the host was a reprobate and took advantage of the guileless youth.

"Glad you came," said he; "I shall have here to-night Ex-Governor Tilden, Governor Robinson, Barney Aaron, Lily Devereux Blake, Henry Ward Beecher, Bill Tovee, Anna Dickinson, Josephine Mansfield, Henry Bergh and Tennie C. Claflin." (The reporter stared). "Come at nine to-night; Aaron and Tovee will box in the dining room, there'll be a dog-fight in the cellar just to show Mr. Beecher and William E. Dodge how those things go, and will have some kissing games and dances in the parlor." (The reporter was open-mouthed, yet speechless). "Come at nine." The reporter telegraphed to the office "Got a screamer—hold all the first page—be there at midnight," and at nine o'clock was shown through the crowded, gay hall on Remsen street by the gentleman himself. "S-s-s-s-h!" said the host, "the dog-fight's in progress in the cellar." Down stairs went the reporter, and when he opened the cellar-door the host pushed him into the dark, damp room, and shutting the door, which had a catch-lock to secure it—left the news-seeker alone there. Of course there was no dog-fight. At two in the morning, when the last guest had gone, a servant had released the reporter, gave him a glass of wine and a slice of cake, and bade him, with coarse language, seek the residence of his maternal parent and saturate his head.

Finally, currency is given to a scurrilous, shameful invention against the reporters of the *Star*. I ask the Editor of Puck to print this nauseating fabrication—that although decent people may shudder, they will, at least, learn to what measureless Extremes Malicious Liars (I appreciate and accept the consequences of this characterization), Liars will go in their endeavors to blast the tender lives of this Defenseless People—the reporters of the daily press.

It seems that a *Star* reporter asked a physician to prescribe for him. The physician did so; his instructions were followed: but the *Star* man returned next day unbenefited. "I'll give you a powerful dose," the physician said. Next day the reporter astonished the physician with a declaration that the medicine effected nothing. "I'll give you something that would weaken a Herring's safe," said the waggish medicine man, but the reporter returned next day, as usual. "What are you, anyway?" the physician asked.

"I am a *Star* reporter," the invalid replied.

"Oh, hang it," said the Doctor. "Here, take a quarter and get something to eat. No wonder my medicines were powerless."

And while I am about it, let me deny, over my own name, some of the infamous tales that are told against the various newspapers themselves.

1st.—The *Herald* forms are *not* made up with a shovel.

LIE No. 2.—The *World* men are *not* called up for dress-review in steel-pen coats every afternoon, and examined in eight-syllable words.

LIE No. 3.—The *Sun* men are *not* provided with microscopes with which to see what they have written after it is printed in the paper, and they do *not* (lie No. 4) lop off the beginning and end of each article and run a blue pencil through the middle to make the article as concise as possible.

LIE No. 5.—The *Tribune* reporters and editors who recently picnicked together, on Staten Island in the rain, did *not* ask their paper to pay for the ruined feathers in their bonnets and the mudstains on the bottoms of their skirts.

Finally, it is *not* the invariable practice of Brooklyn reporters, when testifying under oath, to say in reply to the question, What is your occupation? "I am a journalist, sir."

Let all these falsehoods be crushed, at once and forever.

PHIL FULLER.

THE YOUNG MAN NEXT DOOR WITH THE VIOLIN.

[AS WE FANCY HIM.]

I.



Preparing for the Torture.



Selecting the Agony.



Ready!



Adagio appassionata.



Tremolo.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Editor Puck:

By perfectly legitimate means I have become possessed of the following advertisements which were to have been inserted in the morning papers next week. In order to place them before the widest range of readers, and render them most productive of good, I send them first to PUCK. When the objects they aim at are brought about, send in your bill to

Yours respectfully, PHIL FULLER.

FROM THE "STAR."

WANTED—A candidate for Mayor of the city of New York; must be rich, honest, wise, and influential, able to obtain support of daily press, yet willing to hold himself at the beck and call of the Tammany Boss when elected. No sore-heads or "kickers" need apply—to JOHN KELLY.

N.B. Catholics preferred.

JERSEY CITY JURISPRUDENCE.

PERSONAL.—Will somebody with a grain of common sense inform the Jersey City police how they can convict or wash their hands of "Cove" Bennett and Mrs. Smith with credit to themselves and satisfaction to the public? Address, City Hall, Jersey City.

FROM THE "HERALD."

LOST—Between 1830 and the present time—a valuable piece of Knowledge, to wit: The method by which the streets of New York can be kept tidy and clean in the wards and neighborhoods inhabited by the wealthy as well as the districts populated by the poor. In view of the danger of pestilence, a heavy sum will be paid for the restoration of this knowledge. Address Police, New York.

A CRY OF DESPAIR.

WANTED, Females—An actress for the American stage, one who does not depend upon sickness, runaway horses, Parisian dresses, foreign celebrity, or beauty before the footlights, but trusts to genius and study as the means of obtaining popular approbation. Address a disgusted and almost hopeless Public.

"ONE HUNDRED!"

WANTED—The names of one hundred genuine philanthropists who have each contributed ten dollars, or more, towards relieving the distress in the South, without enclosing it in a public address, sending it over their signatures to the papers, the Mayor, or some Board or Committee, or in some way receiving an advertisement in return for the contribution.

LOOK IN THE POUND.

WANTED—Information of one Denis Kearney—reformer and agitator from Sand Lots, California—who addressed the rag-tag and bobtail of New York during the present month, and then disappeared from public view. A reward will be paid for him, if alive. Address Ben Butler, widow, Massachusetts.

REFRIGERANT.

WANTED—Proposals from New York city capitalists who will furnish untold millions to finish the East River Bridge—under which ordinary ship's masts cannot pass, over which cars cannot be propelled by steam, and which will be of immense advantage to Brooklyn, and equal damage to the interests of the Metropolis. Address BRIDGE RING, Brooklyn.

A CHANCE FOR THE CHINESE.

WANTED—Three hundred drivers willing to work sixteen hours a day for \$1.25, who will agree to "stake" starters and spotters, provide themselves with overcoats and gloves, and submit to possible reductions of pay without starving to death in the cars for public effect, or striking in the vain hope of gaining public sympathy. Address, PRES'T 3d AVE. R.R. Co, N.Y.

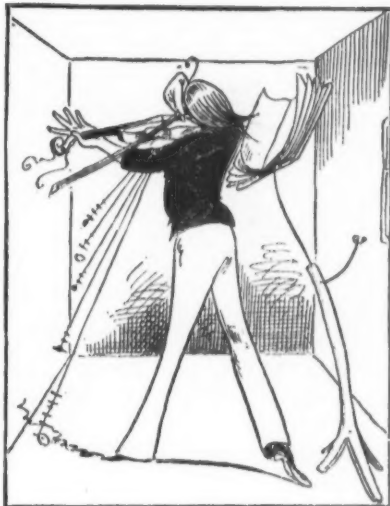
THE YOUNG MAN NEXT DOOR WITH THE VIOLIN.

[AS WE FANCY HIM.]

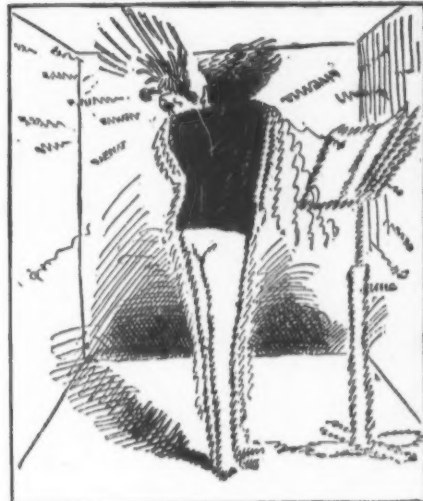
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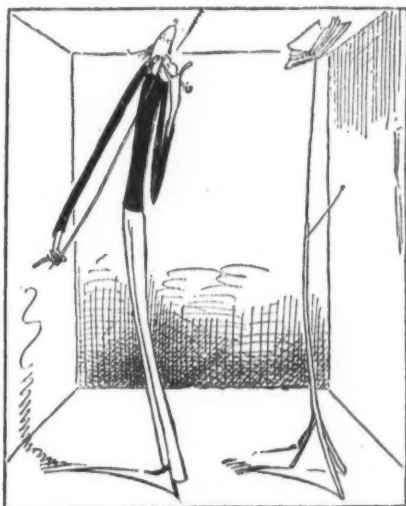
Pizzicato.



High C.



The Shake.



Con Expressione.



And now for Slumber!

WILL THEY?

PERSONAL.—Will the gentlemen in a butcher cart who robbed a passenger in a Third Avenue car, and the gentlemen in a similar vehicle who waylaid Mr. Stone, and the gentlemen who committed a daring burglary in a house across the North River, please send their names and addresses to the NEW YORK POLICE.

NOT TWO—ONE AND A HALF.

TAKE NOTICE.—I hereby warn the public that any person who objects to the imposition of exorbitant fees by the Register, Sheriff or County Clerk, and any person who threatens to investigate the accounts of these officials, is "a piratical Anti-Tammanyite," and renders himself liable to abuse from at least *two daily papers*.
JOHN KELLY, BOSS.

WHERE IS G. W. C., A. M.?

SITUATION WANTED.—A gifted gentleman, late Mayor of the City of New York, and author of the beautiful poem of "The Crooked Nose," can be engaged to write the most beautiful, as well as comical verses, exclusively for the journal offering the highest terms, during the season of 1879.

Address, SWAMP, N. Y.

"THE WAGES OF LABOR IS STOLE."

MR. DINNY KEARNEY, whose goodness is only equaled by his good looks, is the author of the above expression—watch-word, as it were. The first thought about it which seizes us is that, however honest and exemplary the custodian of Labor's wages may be, his grammar has been slightly neglected. He had clearly no right to make such a statement as this. Besides, Kearney says that the wages of labor are small, hence the custodian could have had no justification whatever for debasing the grammar to make the statement. Rather have suffered the insignificant loss, and then reported: "The wages of labor are not stolen." It may perhaps be said that in the cause of labor grammar is not essential. It is. What would Kearney be without grammar? What is he with it? Prompt measures, we hope, will at once be taken to see that the wages of labor is not stole again. This assured, it will be time to inquire how it happens that when, according to Dennis, Labor is reduced to the verge of starvation, its wages may be stole in an appreciable quantity.

It is now pretty definitely settled that in the race for the Mayoralty, there will be no blood-and-thunder candidate.

ANOTHER BOSNIAN DIFFICULTY.

WE learn from the Vienna *Tagblatt*, of recent date, that trouble has arisen between Baron Javanowics and Stojan Kowacsewicks. The exact cause of the trouble is left to conjecture, but it is fair to assume that it must have arisen from the names of the combatants. One of the Vienna papers states that Javanowics called Stojan Kowacsewicks by name, and Stojan thought he was swearing at him. Accordingly he coupled the name of Javanowics with an offensive remark. This led to the trouble. We should be sorry to credit this account, for clearly it will throw new complications into the Bosnian question. Names similar to Javanowics and Kowacsewicks prevail there largely, and should the inhabitants once get started calling each other by name, the result will be terrible. The only hope now for Bosnia seems to be for the inhabitants to organize and demand to be enrolled in the Austrian army. When the Austrian officers begin taking down a few hundred such names as Kowacsewicks and Javanowics, they will see that the case is hopeless, and flee the country, leaving unmolested the sway of the Bosnians.

THE difference between gold and the cucumber is that the former benefits as it goes down.

MARIANNA'S DEBUT.

HER name was Marianna (though baptismally dubbed Hannah),
And for her grub she slung the hash in a ten-cent restaurant.
She drew quite gauzy wages; but still, as now the rage is,
She spent much cash for dry-goods. And for the rest, her aunt,
Priscilla Thisbe Haydon, a quite fore-handed maiden,
Had love and cash and other things at Hannah's feet to fling.
So that when in rig complete, she looked good enough to eat;
Which couldn't truthfully be said of the hash she used to sling.

But she always was a-wishin'—for the gal she had ambition—
And she wished to be a Poet or a Female Novelist—
To write Spring Verses meekly, or to write for *Boys' Own Weekly*.
Of ink-slingers like these she'd fain swell the awful list.
Was it for worse or better—one obstacle beset her—
One great big cloud o'ershadowed and kept her from the light.
Of Fame she never saw the light, nor e'er became an author;
For, alas, my Marianna (alias Hannah) couldn't write.

But her Aunt Priscilla Thisbe—what must her most cruel biz. be
But to up and flummux round a bit, and then sit down and die?
And she had but an annuity; and although the lawyer knew it, he
Had never told sweet Marianna—which made the latter cry.
Howe'er she was a beauty—she was very, very "pooty,"
A specimen superior of female, maiden girls.
With eel-kin suit of satin, and a much-beflowered hat on
The very top and apex of her grease-beladen curls.

Ah! She could cut a dash or attract the blasé-est masher.
She slung herself round loosely like the way she slung her hash;
But she left this work so greasy, and soon felt quite uneasy,
For a five-cent piece was all that she could find among her cash.
Was this to be her "wind-up"? No, no! She made her mind up
To dress and live and flirt about as suited to her age.
So thus quoth Marianna, in a quite excited manner,
To her mirror, confidentially: "I'll go upon the Stage!"

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. LV.

MORE NEWPORT.



Ya-as, I'm wather
glad that the Bel-
lerwophon and the
othah Bwitish aw
vessels have gone
to some othah we-
gion; because they
aw got to be aw
quite a baw, and
the Amerwican
people made such

a twemendous wacket about the fellows aboard.
I suppose the Newport wesidents had nevah
seen a man-of-war in their lives, so aw per-
whaps their excitement was excusable.

Jack says the Amerwicans haven't any aw
navy. Just aw keep a few wotten cwaft that
sink at wegular intervals, in order to make ex-
perwiments with life-pweserving apparwatus.

I can't compwehend the pwecise object of
having so many Amerwican naval officers with-
out any ships to cwuise in. But it is aw pwo-
bably one of the wules of the Constitution of
the United States, Jack thinks, to pwotect the
wepublican manufacturwers who make blue
cloth and bwass buttons aw.

The entertainment that my fwiend Inglefield
—the Admirwal, yer know—gave to the peo-
ple he-ah was, of course, quite in pwopah form;
and it was doosid gwatifying to see that these
aw Newporters have bwains enough to appwe-
ciate the corwect thing when it is bwought to
their aw notice. The weturn ball of the aw
villagers, at an inn he-ah called the Ocean
Arms, wasn't bad either; almost aw aw jolly.

What with all these arwangements, dinnah-
parties, balls, weceptions, and a gweat many
maw to come, at which aw a fellow must, I su-
pose, put in an appearwance, I dessay I shall
be bawed befaw I leave he-ah. Too much of
a good thing, yer know, having severwal sea-

sons in one ye-ah: one in town—London, I
mean—which finished with Goodwood; one
he-ah, and anothah perwhaps in New York in
the wintah—although I don't know whether,
stwictly speaking, seasons in Amerwica can be
placed in the same categorwy as a London sea-
son aw.

I can't say that I'm desperwately enamored
of this descriptiow of amusement; and, 'pon
my soul, I think I would pwefere being among
the gwouse and partwidges, or at Cowes, or
making pweparwations to follow the aw puppy
dogs. But what the d-d-devil is a fellow to do
when he's he-ah? Must get wid of the time
in some mannah or othah. Can't help it, yer
know.

Although I don't talk a gweat deal, Jack
thinks I often expwess my opinion too fweely.
Verwy likely. Perwhaps it is weally bettah
to burwy everwything in one's bwains; but with
so many stwange wules and wegulations all
arwound one, it must be doosid hard to do
this in Amerwica.

A fellow can't help noticing what much bet-
tah form our naval and militarwy fellows pwe-
sent when they enter a ball-woom, compared
with wepublicans in the same pwofession.
Therefore I shall wefwain fwom enterwng into
particulars of the Ocean Arms dance, to avoid
aw making aw invidious distinctions.

The weception aboard the Bellerwophon was
of the usual charwacter. I, who once took a
long twip with Edinburwgh—Pwince Alfwed,
yer know, aboard the Galatea, when he com-
manded her, have been bawed with a gweat
many such affairs in differwent ports. They
all stwongly wesemble one anothah. Some of-
ficial fellows; a cwowd of people one doesn't
know anything about, maw or less wespectable;
some aw perwhaps pwetty girls.

The gun-woom youngsters are always the
herwoes of the occasion. They invarwiably
make wholesale conquests, fairly wevel in the
amusement, and stwut about as if they were all
aw admirwals of the fleet.

She sallied out—she went up town—glanced sideways and looked down;
And a "downier" look was never seen upon a face so fair.
For a "gent" who soon accosted her would willingly have fostered her,
And though a very long fellow, ne'er thought to say "Beware!"
He didn't treat her shabbily, but with *Chablis*, quite gabbily,
And he promised all her griefs and all her sorrows to assuage
O, how that man did sue for her! O, what would he not do for her?
She answered very meekly: "Please, sir, put me on the Stage."

He had new pieces writ for her, cut out and made to fit for her;
He bought her silks and satins and nobby gilded shoes;
He got up splendid photos, and receptions at the Lotos,
And all the dodges actresses are e'er compelled to use.
Then to Dramatic Agency (where a self-appointed Regency
Compelled quite many managers to do as *it* had planned).
He arranged that Marianna, in a most expensive manner,
Should be brought out in all and every theatre in the land.

Her romantic life was written, and young men became quite smitten,
While the old chaps felt the blood again go leaping thro' their veins.
She became the rage and fashion—in the Park she cut a dash on
A very lofty box-seat, while her fellow held the reins.
At last she made her *debut*, and you'd really think she'd web you,
As spider doth the fly, with her most bewitching eyes.
But, alas, she was a failure; and you willingly would sell your
Seats for the "full series" at a very modest price.

She couldn't understand it; but the Press and Public's mandate
Decided our poor Marianne unfitted for the Stage.
Surely *somewhere* there was treason; for what could be the reason
That Marianne fell flat, when she *should* have been the rage?
Then suggested Puck quite mildly, as the young man counted wildly—
Computing losses easily, but unable to see gains:
"It does not perhaps alone lie in dress and beauty only,
But perhaps a pretty actress ought to, also, have some Brains!"

E. S. L.

Quite interwesting to see a smart young pay-
master's clerk and a very gwaceful navigating
sub-lieutenant making themselves agweeable to
some good-looking Amerwican heirwesses.
These aw girwls couldn't be expected, yer know,
to compwehend the difference between the
wed on the cuff of an assistant aw surgeon, the
blue of a navigating lieutenant, the purple of
the engineer, or the white of the paymaster.
The marwied executive officers verwy often
fight shy of such amusement. The major-
wity are marwied, and go ashore verwy little,
as this kind of wecweation costs them some
of their aw pay. Old birds are not aw often
caught with bwaw aw.

The same fellows are still playing polo he-ah.
Jack's co-operwation is, of course, verwy valu-
able.

It is wemarkably odd that all young ladies
he-ah are always described in the aw newspa-
pers as verwy charming. Now, some of them,
perwhaps, weally are; but they can't all be, yer
know. That would be quite too widiculous aw.

THE enormous cost of ice is the reason why
the price

Of beer is placed at 5 cents—the brewers all
agree.

Then let them all remember to reduce it next
December,

And put the price of schooners down to
Brother Dana's "3."

THE triple rhymers are respectfully requested
to tackle Heliogabalus, Megalosaurus, Hippo-
potamus, Leviathan, and other polysyllabic cu-
riosities. As a send-off, we'll give them—
"don't dabble us"—"don't bore us"—"O,
what a muss!"—and "call me a liar, then!"
Our colored porter says of his son Flibberti-
gibbet that times are so hard he has "no libber
to gib it." But then our colored porter is not
a triple rhymster.

THE BALLADE OF NONSENSE.

LET Love recline with its matchless grace
 On a couch of flowers in summers leas,
 In vague, sweet visions which veil the face
 Of the sky as it smiles on the sundown seas.
 In sunny gardens of fragrant ease
 Let Beauty rove through the dreamy year,
 Scattering smiles on the lazy breeze,
 While the elephant wears a rose in his ear.
 In sombre parlors, where ancient lace
 Is moved by the music which through it flees,
 Let the watch-dog play on his flute, and chase
 The conventional feline up the trees.
 O weigh us down with voluptuous shes,
 While we glide by the lilies which gem the weir;
 O fill our pockets with pea-green V's,
 While the elephant wears a rose in his ear.
 O bury our woes in a flower-vase,
 And cradle our joys in the rainbow, please;
 Let us glide to some mystical, happy place,
 Where no tax is laid upon beer and cheese;
 Teach the jackass love-songs and martial glees;
 Lend him wings to flit over the tranquil mere;
 And give us coffee that's free from peas,
 While the elephant wears a rose in his ear.

ENVOI.

Readers and ye whose soliloquies
 At eve she-bosoms with fond hopes cheer,
 Remember the man in the moon's decrees,
 While the elephant wears a rose in his ear.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK

MARY ANDERSON.

IT seems to be a fact that Miss Mary Anderson is winning herself a place in the American heart. She came here last year and was elected the chosen of the gushers. The silk-and-swans-down critics and provincial correspondents baptized her their own in honey and soft-soap. This perfect chrism of gush generally ruins a humbug. When it begins to drip off, the idol is seen in all its shabbiness. But Miss Anderson has survived the ordeal. The gushers had her to themselves during her first season in New York. Now the men of sense have thought her worthy their notice, and she has received a general douche of criticism as wholesome, as wise, and as well-meant as any actress was ever blessed with.

Not that we dare to hope it will do her much good. It takes a good deal to turn a phenomenon into a good professional. Last spring Miss Anderson left for Europe—ostensibly to go to the Paris *Conservatoire*. She did go there—took a chair, and paid quite a nice little visit—and then went out and saw the balloon on the Champs de Mars. And now she has come back to us, doubtless feeling firmly assured that she has done all that art demanded of her.

But we fear that Miss Anderson is too good a business investment ever to be an artist. She began at the star, instead of the *super*, end of her profession, and the apparent end and aim of her phenomenalism is to "fill dates." She is well-managed—viewing management from a dry-goods standpoint. In the North she is posed as the vestal virgin by the theatre; high and serene above her sisters: the theatre-going Southron is constantly reminded that she is the daughter of a Confederate officer.

One cannot but wish that she would break away forever from the "show business." What might not this girl become, in five or six years, with Coghlan to teach her how to study a part; Harkins to show her how to act it; Mrs. Booth to drill her in reading blank-verse, and Modjeska for an instructress in high comedy? A beautiful, but an impossible dream!

BOOTH'S.

WITH the characteristic flourish of trumpets, without which Jarrett & Palmer would not be —Tooker, that enterprising firm re-introduced, last week, Miss Genevieve Ward, once Mme. Guerrabella, to the New York public. Divested of her atmosphere of aristocratic British patronage and Russian romance, Miss Ward was found to be a very good stock actress, hard-working and intelligent, but conventional and unsympathetic; with no great emotional power, but some force of delivery. She was "supported" by Mr. Milnes Levick, one of the best actors in this country, and a true artist in all his methods; who found a rather inadequate opportunity to appear to advantage in the meagre part of *Henry Shore*. Wills's play is a weak re-telling of the old story of Jane Shore, done in mild blank verse, and tipped off with a French frosting dénouement in the shape of a reconstruction of the shattered household gods of the Shore family. The strongest thing in the piece is not Wills's, but Jarrett & Palmer's —namely the snow scene, which, between snow, scenery and supers, roused the huge first-night audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

THE interest in "Hurricanes" has not blown over at the Park.

THE FLORENCES have signed to play at the Grand Opera House.

THE intelligence of H. J. Montague's death has reached Philadelphia.

THE last nights of "Olivia" and C. A. Stevenson are announced at the Union Square. Goldsmith's hour of vindication is at hand.

A CALIFORNIA critic alludes to Louis Vider's "Birds of Passage" as "a melodrama resembling 'La Perichole' in conception and treatment."

THE costumes worn at the Grand Duke's Opera House were designed by Shakspeare himself—at least one of the boys would like to have that fact published.

THE "New Magdalen" has taken a new lease of life consequent upon Miss Ada Cavenish's admirable performance of *Mercy Merrick* at the Broadway.

SEVERAL of the negroes whom Jarrett & Palmer forgot to take to England to play in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" are at the Standard. Further delegations are coming North.

THE only thing that reconciles one to "Fritz," at the Grand Opera House, this week, is the fact that it succeeds "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It is, naturally, a marked improvement.

THERE is nothing new about "Jane Shore" at Booth's. Miss Ward is well entrenched in the artistic sympathies of the metropolis, though we fear that a good equinoctial storm would blur forever the attractiveness of the great snow-scene.

MISS JULIA VAUGHAN, the clever young actress who plays *Lady Cootes* in "Jane Shore" at Booth's Theatre, will shortly appear at a leading theatre in a play written expressly for her. It is not the much-Vaughan-ated "American drama" either.

MARY ANDERSON is now the stately heroine of Shiel's "Evadne" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and life in Naples is sketched as accurately as we may ever expect to see it outside of "The Italian Padrone, or the Slave of the Harp." This comparison has not, however, affected the business of Miss Anderson. It has been very good.

THE rather shady adventures of Miss Clarissa Harlowe at Wallack's, revised, corrected, ornamented, transmogrified and adapted for Sunday-schools generally, by Mr. Dion Richardson Boucicault, will, we regret to hear, be shortly withdrawn in favor of Mr. Robert Brinsley Sheridan Boucicault's "School for Scandal," from the French.

"AN OPEN VERDICT" at the Standard Theatre is not likely to prove a standard drama. The "Uncle Tom" nigger fever has struck Manager Henderson in its worst form, in the shape of darkies, murderers, and Eliza Pinkstons, on southern plantations, in Fifth Avenue, and other wild spots of the earth. It is rumored that the author has been allowed to leave Memphis; if so, it was unkind of his or her friends, to say the least of it. They show little regard for the feelings of their fellow-creatures. If future plays at the Standard are as good as the mounting of this one, PUCK will have pleasant things to say about them.

"GOOD-BYE, JAN."

THE death is announced of Abdulla Jan, heir-apparent to the throne of Cabul, Afghanistan. It was not very generally known that so eligible a position was vacant. The quasi-monarch's death occurred at Peshawur. It is not definitely known what was the immediate cause of his death, but is currently supposed that the landlord of the inn tried to hide the name of the place from him, but it leaked out and killed him. The present monarch is Shere Ali, who holds Yakoob Khan in durance vile. Considering the culprit's name the monarch does well, and if Jan tried to interfere with him his death was only retributive. It seems that there is trouble in Afghanistan consequent upon the attempt of Shere Ali to bull-doze the Sirdars. They are said to be a sort of tree usual in that country. There is also trouble with Shrewd Zanipackiti, a Tartar chief. Yakoob Khan is his friend. This accounts for it. Abdulla Jan was, it seems, "A man of many amiable traits, determined, energetic, popular and officially honest." He was opposed to Ameer Zahn, whose friends, the Zenanas, hold the balance of power as the Labor Reformers do in Schuylkill county, Pennsylvania. The death of Jan has no connection with the Elevated Railway, but it is probably nevertheless a fortuitous circumstance. His last words were: "Give Shere Ali the go-by, Yakoob Khan, as my friend." It killed him.

GENERAL HOWARD and Chief Moses have had an interview, according to a late dispatch. As the gist of the conference has not been made public, we imagine that, perhaps, Howard wished to ascertain whether Moses is in favor of Courtney or Hanlon.

ALTHOUGH there are a number of politicians who call themselves Tilden reformers, we are of the opinion that none of them will succeed in reforming the old man.

Answers for the Anxious.

HASSETINE.—Pique her into retort.

BUTCHER.—Good—keep a large dog.

TARANAKI, New Zealand.—We never tasted boiled missionary—but if it's no better than that article of yours, we don't think we shall ever hanker after it.

W. D. C., Defiance.—The absurdity of the rhyme is only equalled by the idiotic reason, and we doubt if all the excise commissioners in the world would grant you even a poet's license. You say your intellect is shattered. Well, perhaps you had one once, but it would require some double-banked custom-house oaths to make us believe it.





PUCK'S COMEDY-STORIES.

VI.
THE TRUFFLES.Adapted from the French of EDOUARD MARTIN and ALBERT MON-
NIER by B. B. VALLENTINE.

CHARACTERS:

MR. EDMUND DAWLISH.
MR. BOREALL (*his old cousin*).
LUCY (*wife of Dawlish*).
JANE (*a servant*).SCENE—Small drawing-room, tastefully furnished.
Doors leading to other apartments right and left. Lighted
lamp on piano. Brackets with candles on the walls.JANE (*alone*).

Yes, mad'am, that's understood. I shall dress and go. These are the people for me. At any rate, they don't keep their servants locked up. Coachman, chambermaid and all may go out; and, what is more, have orders not to come home until midnight. That doesn't annoy me. I shall go and dance at my cousin's, the janitor of the apartment house in 34th Street; there's a reception there to-night. How curious for a husband and wife to wish to remain in the house by themselves. There is some mystery.

EDMUND (*entering from his room*).

Why, you're still here, Jane.

JANE.

Yes, but I am just going.

EDMUND.

Is everything ready?

JANE.

The dinner that you ordered? Oh, yes, quite—everything except the turkey; that's before the fire, and must be looked after. Oh! it's a beauty.

EDMUND.

That's all right.

LUCY (*coming out of her apartment*).

Oh, you are still here, Jane.

JANE.

I'm just going, ma'am. (*Aside*) The same tune from her.

LUCY.

You haven't forgotten anything?

JANE.

Nothing, ma'am. The sweets are on the ice.

EDMUND.

Don't detain her, Lucy.

LUCY.

I detain her? It's more than an hour since I told her to go. Now go, go, Jane.

EDMUND.

Go, then.

JANE (*aside*).

What are they frightened of? Are they going to commit a crime? (*Aloud*) Good-bye, ma'am; good-bye, sir. (*She goes out.*)

EDMUND.

At last.

LUCY.

At last.

EDMUND.

We are alone.

LUCY.

Quite alone.

EDMUND.

My own love of a little wife.

LUCY.

My own treasure of a little husband.

[*They sit on the sofa.*]

EDMUND.

We must now put our grand project into execution.

LUCY.

Acknowledge, now, that it was a good idea of mine.

EDMUND.

Of ours, madame.

LUCY (*raising her voice*).

Indeed? Prove it to me.

EDMUND.

I swear that I thought of it, but dared not mention it.

LUCY.

Mr. Edmund Dawlish is usually so timid.

EDMUND.

Yes; but I want to tell you what I mean. We have now been married a month, my dear Lucy, and we have been entirely monopolized by our friends—overwhelmed with invitations of all kinds. We have dined here, there, and everywhere except at home by ourselves.

LUCY.

'Tis true we are married, and we don't know what housekeeping is.

EDMUND.

To-day we were invited to Aunt Mainwaring's, with Uncle Mainwaring, that youngster, Tom, who is always crying, and his little sister. Nothing but Mainwaring. Well, I asked you if we were to write to them that my Lucy had a cold.

LUCY (*coughing*).

Oh, a terrible cold.

EDMUND.

If we pass this evening alone, far from all the Mainwarings in existence, we shall then have an opportunity of dwelling on the sweet memories of the past, the joys of the present, and the promise of the future.

LUCY.

I haven't used such high-flown language. I took a pen and wrote to Aunt a big lie; and I said to you we shall have this evening to ourselves; we shook hands on it, and that's all.

EDMUND.

Is that all?

LUCY.

Oh, yes, I believe that I kissed you. Forgive me for forgetting it.

EDMUND.

I never forget good things.

LUCY (*rising*).

Your mother hasn't forgotten the anniversary.

EDMUND (*rising*).

Yes, that dear old woman has sent us a thanksgiving turkey. It's a Jersey custom.

LUCY.

We have kept it for this solemn occasion.

EDMUND.

After dinner there will be a grand reception. Mr. Dawlish will receive Mrs. Dawlish.

LUCY.

Mrs. Dawlish receives Mr. Dawlish. There will be dancing.

EDMUND.

To the music of the piano.

LUCY.

Impossible! If you dance with me, who will play it?

EDMUND.

Well, then, I'll sing a waltz.

LUCY.

And Mrs. Dawlish will accompany Mr. Dawlish.

EDMUND.

In this style.

[*He waltzes with his wife, both singing.*]

LUCY.

The accompanist does not keep time.

EDMUND.

I want to follow the piano.

[*He kisses LUCY on the cheek.*]LUCY (*drawing back and laughing*).

Sir, it is not usual to kiss one's piano on both cheeks.

EDMUND.

The evening begins well. For the first time in a month we can do as we please—not a visit to return.

LUCY.

No bores to receive.

EDMUND.

We are lovers once more, and can spoon just as we used to before we were married.

LUCY (*pushing him away gently*).

Be quiet and get the ball-room ready.

EDMUND.

Isn't it ready?

LUCY.

The candles are not lighted.

EDMUND.

Just so. Let us light up.

LUCY.

You stand there. I'll get up here.

[*She gets on an arm-chair.*]

EDMUND.

What! This is getting serious. You're going to light up.

LUCY.

I will do my share of the work. The matches. I'll wager that I'll light my side quicker than you will yours.

EDMUND.

I'll bet that you can't. But what's to be the stake?

LUCY.

We'll decide that afterwards. A penalty of some kind.

EDMUND.

Carried unanimously. Here's a match.

[*They light—LUCY on the left, EDMUND on the right.*]

LUCY.

You go too fast. I give up.

[*She descends from the arm-chair.*]EDMUND (*stopping and getting down*).

You confess yourself vanquished. You give up. Now for the penalty.

LUCY (*who has continued to light on the left*).

The penalty indeed. 'Tis I who have gained the bet. Look at my brilliant illumination. It is fairylike.

EDMUND (*on the other arm-chair*).

Indeed it's an underhanded piece of work. You have cheated, madam.

LUCY (*having got down*).

You silly man. You mustn't play with fire.

EDMUND (*with comic gravity*).

And now, madam, to what am I condemned? What is this famous penalty? What do you wish, my darling?

LUCY (*suddenly*).

To give you a kiss.

EDMUND.

I offer my cheek. Quick—quick.

LUCY.

Good gracious! there's a ring.

EDMUND.

What a nuisance. We won't answer it.

LUCY.

I hear footsteps. It is Jane.

EDMUND.

She is going to get rid of the bore. Quick, my kiss.

LUCY.

There it is.

[*They embrace. JANE enters.*]JANE (*passing her head through the door*).

Sir, there's somebody here.

LUCY and EDMUND.

Who is it?

JANE.
It is Mr. Boreall.

LUCY.
That old nuisance? He's come to dine.

EDMUND.
But I haven't invited him. We are not at home. You are not at home. Nobody's at home.

JANE.
But he saw me, sir, through the kitchen window.

EDMUND.
You stupid girl. If you'd only gone out when I told you.

JANE.
Mr. Boreall enjoyed last Thursday's dinner so much. That has induced him to come again.

EDMUND.
Impossible to receive him. Jane, tell him that we have gone in the country; tell him what you please, but he must go away.

JANE.
Very well, sir. *(She goes out.)*

LUCY.
Now I shall finish my toilet.

EDMUND.
And I mine. But, Lucy, what about this penalty?

LUCY.
We'll see about that bye-and-bye. You will lose nothing by waiting, sir.
[She enters her apartment.]

EDMUND.
Oh! these relations. What a bother. This one wanted to come here badly.
[He enters his room.]

Enter JANE and BOREALL.

JANE.
But, sir, I assure you they've gone out.

BOREALL *(visibly concerned)*.
I've gone out, too, to come here. It is to be hoped that they'll return for dinner. When I left last Thursday I told them I would be here to-day.

JANE.
Missis didn't hear you, or she's forgotten it.

BOREALL.
One can't forget such things. Did I forget it? When I say I'm going to dine anywhere, I go. Nothing prevents me from being precise. There might be difficulties; I should come all the same. That's the sort of man I am.

JANE.
You've always a good appetite, and I can see that it agrees with you.

BOREALL.
Ah! you say that because I am a little stout. I can't conceal my peculiarities. Nevertheless I haven't breakfasted this morning, in order to dine better this evening. I never breakfast when I dine in town. Where have the young people gone?

JANE.
Mr. Dawlish told me that he was going out with Mrs. Dawlish in the country or anywhere.

BOREALL.
Anywhere? By Jove, they're here. *(Looking about him)* Ah! Ah! During their absence you've lighted up. Inconsiderate girl, are you going to entertain all the Biddies on the avenue?

JANE.
No. Mr. Dawlish lighted the candles himself before he went out.

BOREALL *(fixing his glance on her)*.
Whoever lighted up, was it not that you might not be in the dark?

JANE *(embarrassed)*.
Well, sir, I think you've asked quite enough questions.

BOREALL.
I'm going to rest myself. *(He sits on the sofa.)*

JANE.
You can't do it. When you rang I was just going out myself, and—

BOREALL.
Woman, woman, come here.

JANE *(trembling)*.
Here I am, sir.

BOREALL *(in a low voice)*.
They haven't gone out?

JANE.
Yes, yes, sir, I assure you.

BOREALL.
Well, I'll go. I believe you, but I want Mr. Edmund to know that I was here. Get me pen, ink and paper.

JANE.
Yes, yes, sir, directly. *(Aside)* He isn't a gentleman; he's like a tramp.

BOREALL *(alone. He rises.)*
Yes, yes, they are here. They have had too much company, and they won't show themselves to me because I'm a poor relation—Boreall, the ruined ex-grocer. I have exhausted my funds. If I had fifty thousand dollars of New York Central stock, I wouldn't sponge here to get a dinner. But I haven't got it, and my wife always gives me hash—hash, even on Sunday. *(He sniffs.)* Good heavens! what's that savory smell? I recognize that odor—truffles. *(Going towards the door of the kitchen)* I can't possibly make a mistake. They are truffles—truffles. To think that I haven't eaten any this winter. Once upon a time I was at dinner at a house where I invited myself occasionally—just as I do here. "Mr. Boreall," said the hostess to me, "what a pity that you came to-day. To-morrow we have a dinner-party, and I have a splendid stuffed pheasant. I would have asked you, Mr. Boreall, but unfortunately we are twelve. You would make the thirteenth, and I don't want you to die this year. Why should I die sooner than any other person? Will you have some succotash?" *(Succotash, which I hate—oh, if they had only been truffles.)* "Ah, Mr. Boreall, don't deny it. You are a little bit of a gourmand." Yes; well, I am a gourmand. Ah! it smells beautifully. How delicious! And is this to pass away from my olfactories? *(With resolution)* Never! No, I will not go away. Happy thought! I shali pretend to faint. It is rather an old dodge, but it still takes with some people. *(He falls into an arm-chair near the table and cries out:)* Oh, dear! Oh, dear! . . .

JANE *(entering with paper and ink.)*
Oh! Good heavens! Mr. Boreall is ill. Mr. Boreall! Help!—help!—
(To be continued.)

THOSE bloody monopolists, the brewers, have bought up the Government. The three-cent pieces have been called in.—*Cin. Breakfast Table.*

THERE are many good conundrums that will always remain such, as, for instance, why does the housewife invariably ask if the guest takes cream in his coffee, when the best she has to offer is the bluest kind of baptized milk?—*Cincinnati Breakfast Table.*

BURGLARS, on Friday, entered the residence of a circus clown, who is summering in Pottstown, this State, and carried off some silver spoons and clothing. In rummaging through the house they came upon the clown's jokes, which he had in pickle, in the cellar, and they immediately took off their hats and proceeded with the work with uncovered heads, thus showing that burglars have as much respect for old age as anybody.—*Oil City Derrick.*

(James Payn, in Belgravia.)

A MAYFAIR MYSTERY.

I.

INVITATION.

THERE are great people and great people in London. If any honest folks from the country should chance to pass Mrs. Patterini's door in Evelyn Lodge on any afternoon in the season, when that lady's splendid equipage is stopping the way there, and through the open portal should behold the powdered footmen who await her coming, they would doubtless think Mrs. Patterini a very great personage, indeed; much greater than Mrs. Marmaduke Eyre next door, for example, whose neat little unpretentious brougham is cast into the shade by Mrs. P.'s magnificent vehicle, and whose footman wears not even a shoulder-knot. Yet Mrs. P. would give her ears—or at least her diamond ear-rings—to get an inclination of the head from the other lady, who unhappily has no inclination for her. There is nothing whatever against the character of Mrs. Patterini; she is fit to be Cæsar's wife, so far as any breath of personal scandal is concerned; and if she is not Cæsar's, she is the wife of a man who has probably as much money as that historical personage ever had, and is, in his way, as powerful. With a stamp (not of his foot—he makes not the least noise about it) he can raise legions. Don Carlos would kiss him on both cheeks to-morrow and give him all sorts of titles, merely for his autograph; even the Comte de Chambord might think it worth while to give him his forefinger, in token of a legitimate friendship, in return for the same favor; and I do not think the Pope himself would hesitate to say a good word for him in certain quarters in return for his heretical assistance. Indeed, for assisting some struggling sovereign—or half-sovereign—Mr. Patterini did once acquire a patent of nobility, which he has been known to exhibit to confidential friends in his smoking-room, and is entitled, he has assured them, to write himself Baron. Baron and Baroness Patterini! can anything have a finer or more harmonious sound? And yet, for the life of her, Mrs. P. dare not call herself Baroness. People are so ill-natured, that they will be sure to say dear Anthony—the good man's name is Anthony—procured it in some infamous manner; took ten per cent. off his commission upon the Monaco loan, perhaps; whereas, as everybody knows, a real nobleman is constructed in quite a different manner. He must be a gentleman first (though this is not absolutely indispensable); then he must have an estate in some county, and represent it in Parliament after a contested election; and even then, unless he "rats" at a political crisis, when the thing is often done at once, it is a tedious affair to get ennobled. It was the more to be regretted that such steps should be necessary, for the name of Patterini seemed to its female owner singularly adapted for a noble prefix; the word Mrs. in connection with it appeared to her a waste, a bathos, like a handle of bone prefixed to a silk parasol; it had a certain Norman ring about it, and even if it was Greek (as was the fact), the modern Greeks, as Cyril Clarke assured her, resemble in their predatory habits the ancient Normans. Mrs. Patterini did not know what "predatory" meant, and she was quite satisfied with the assertion. She had the utmost confidence in Mr. Cyril Clarke as a gentleman and a gentile; for both those classes, to say the truth, were, among her immediate acquaintances, rather scarce. He was a barrister, a "rising" one he called himself, but upon cross-examination would frankly admit that he only meant a young barrister—rising twenty-six. He was handsome, intelli-

gent, and sprightly, but the attorneys had not fallen in love with him, nor had he fallen in love with an attorney's daughter. He had fallen in love with Miss Myra Patterini, who by rights should have been a Baroness like her mother, for one of the great charms of a foreign title is that it descends and spreads, so that one's whole stock is glorified, and one begets, not boys and girls, like the common herd of parents, but Barons and Baronesses.

Anything more ludicrous than Mr. Cyril Clarke's pretensions to this young lady's hand it would have been difficult to conceive. His family, though respectable enough—his father was a minor canon of some cathedral or another, and had a living in the Fens—were by no means Norman; he had not a shilling in the world—that is to say, judged by an Evelyn Lodge standard; he had in reality an allowance of £250 a year, paid quarterly by his papa, and how he managed to clothe himself in the way he did, and smoke such excellent cigars, was a marvel except to those who knew that he paid nobody except the bankers of his club on the 1st of January. He was not a poet nor a novelist; he had discovered no new religion nor any flaws in the old ones. He had no distinction of any kind which could be supposed by the most charitable to bridge over the great gulf that lay between him and Miss Myra. And yet he dared to love her, and one of her parents knew it. Of course it was the female one. Patterini père knew nothing except the share list, British and foreign, and which of the great City houses was "shaky"—a piece of intelligence he always managed to acquire in time to prevent it shaking him. One thing more he knew—that under no circumstances whatsoever was he to interfere with the plans of Mrs. Patterini; his privilege was confined to paying for their execution. To look at him you would say he was the honestest man, I do not say in Greece, but in England. And far be it from me to hint that he was not honest. He looked like a highly respectable grazier, whose talk should have been of beeves when it was not of repairing his parish church, situated in a pastoral district. He had not only the air of a churchwarden, but of the parson's own churchwarden. The keys which he was wont to rattle in his pocket when taking his wife's orders might have belonged to the vestry, instead of fitting desks full of myterious documents, with seals and stamps upon them—mostly foreign—that represented tens of thousands of pounds.

He rather liked Cyril Clarke, and was pleasantly surprised that the young man had never asked him to lend him money. His calling was that of a lender, and nothing had yet occurred to him in the semblance of friendship with needy men that had not sooner or later taken that professional term. He had done several "smart" things—a term used in the City for benevolent actions—to such persons during his commercial career, and would have been very willing to have given Cyril Clarke a hundred or two for the asking. If he had asked for his daughter, he would not have been angry, but would probably have offered to provide for him for life in a first-class lunatic asylum.

The Baroness, as I am afraid the young barrister was wont to call his hostess in the family circle, had even a higher ambition with respect to the disposal of her daughter's hand than her husband, and yet she permitted this young man to pay her Myra marked attentions. Nothing serious could possibly come of it, and Cyril was extremely useful to her, and could be retained by no other sort of fee. He was a pleasant, agreeable young fellow, and "knew everybody." He brought people—chiefly males, however—to Evelyn Lodge who would never have come thither of their own accord, and he relieved the otherwise insufferable tedium of her dinner parties.

There are three classes of society in London each of whom "entertain" in a magnificent fashion: the aristocracy, whose re-unions are sometimes lively, but more generally dull; the Bohemian rich (a small body, who despise convention, and gather around them all those who have talent to recommend them, though it is essential that their lady guests, at least, should be of good character); and the millionaires. These last, of course, can give you everything that money can buy; but "good company" not being in the market, is rarely found under their roof. The table groans with delicacies, but the guest, if he likes to be amused as well as fed, groans also. When you have been told in a stage whisper that your next neighbor has four hundred thousand pounds, and that the man opposite has made a hundred thousand by "an operation" upon Turks (by which is indicated the Turkish Loan), there is little else to learn. The old gentlemen are mere walking moneybags; they chink, but cannot converse. The young ones are hateful imitations of the real "gilt youth" of the aristocracy, and disgust as well as bore one. The ladies—well, the ladies are not nice. They are mostly very "fine women." I have an idea that their husbands buy them by weight. But they are not good-natured, as all fat people are bound to be. To dine, in short, at Evelyn Lodge was a social martyrdom. The glare of the women's diamonds and of the men's studs; the glare of the gold plate; the enormous length of the entertainment, and the extreme tenuity of the small-talk; the stoutness of the people; their large noses; the absence of the letter *h*, and the substitution of the letter *b* for the letter *p*—the moral and material oppression caused by all this splendid vulgarity was overwhelming. Now, the Baroness was sagacious enough to perceive this; she remarked that when Cyril Clarke was present the heavy atmosphere lifted a little, that where he sat there was an oasis in this desert of dullness where laughter rippled. In time he grew to be indispensable. She had wit enough to see that he did not like it, that rich wines and a fine feast were not sufficient attractions to a man of his stamp, that he came, in short, after Myra; and yet the Baroness encouraged him. If she discarded him, the men he had brought to the Lodge, and who leavened her parties so pleasantly, would in all likelihood go away, and everything would be as it used to be—as dull as ditch-water. Moreover, she did not give up all hope of getting into society—real society—through Cyril's good offices. He had procured invitations for Myra for a ball or two at houses of undoubted fashion, and the girl had attended them under the escort of a great lady, whose footman had left her card at the Lodge. But these fashionable doors had never been opened for the Baroness herself, and to her they were the gates of paradise.

To have had a square card from the Dutchess of Doldrum, requesting the pleasure of Mr., Mrs., and Miss Patterini's company at Doldrum House, she would have sacrificed half her fortune; to have procured her Grace's presence under her own roof, she would have bartered her hopes of heaven.

She had left no stone unturned to "get into society;" she had taken a house at Ascot every season, and thrown it open during the race week; she had actually ventured upon having outriders to her carriage—a distinction reserved by tacit consent for royalty and Lady Blanche Mildew—but had only got laughed at for her pains. Once she had been upon the very brink of bliss. Cyril Clarke had somehow arranged for her to be presented at Court; it was to cost a thousand pounds "in fees, &c.," none of which, it is fair to say, was to go into his pocket. She would have been quite content to pay the money had it been twice as

much. But at the very last moment the affair broke down, and ended in a very ill-natured paragraph in the *Court Intelligencer*.

Myra was not very pretty nor very distinguished-looking, but she was a good-looking, intelligent girl—evidently a well-to-do grazier's daughter—and would have found no difficulty in getting a fitting mate, had she not had £25,000 of her own, and been heiress to as much per annum. This made it very difficult. No one who was in a social position to merit such a prize made any advances; the score or two of young gentlemen who did were "not to be thought of," as her mother said. I am afraid, however, Myra did think of one of them.

"If I could only get my mother's consent, Cyril, I would marry you to-morrow," she had told the young barrister; "but you know that that is impossible. I will never marry you without it, so you had much better cease your visits to the Lodge, which only give me unnecessary pain."

She was a very sensible girl, who saw through her mother's weakness for fashionable life, and despised it; but she had honest scruples. I am afraid Mr. Cyril Clarke did not share them. He thoroughly understood his position at the Lodge, and resented the Baroness's treatment of him, as any man of spirit would have done; but he loved Myra quite independently of her fortune—although he was not one to despise fortune—and he persevered in his attentions. I shall make no apologies for what he afterwards did, for it was indefensible; but I must say that there were excuses for him.

A few years ago it was noised abroad that a great Eastern potentate, the Shah of Persia, was about to visit England. Cyril Clarke brought the news, twenty-four hours before it was published in the papers, to Evelyn Lodge: one of his missions was to bring the Baroness early intelligence of all fashionable movements, and he was very skilled in acquiring it. But these particular tidings he had learned from a friend of his in the Foreign Office under peculiar circumstances. This gentleman had at one time resided in Persia, and could speak its tongue, and he had been sounded by the chief of his department that very morning as to whether, in case his Imperial Majesty the Shah should come, he would be attached to his sacred person while in England. News of this kind was meat, drink and clothing to the Baroness.

"My dear Cyril," she said, "you are invaluable, and you will find Myra in the conservatory."

She knew that a squeeze of her daughter's hand would repay him for all his trouble in pumping the Foreign Office clerk, as indeed it did.

Her twenty-four hours' start of the newspapers gave the Baroness quite a reputation, and would have made her very happy had the public she enlightened by it been other than of her own class; but she was already one of its chiefs, and little cared for such supremacy. As time went on, and the tidings came to be common property, she envied Baron Reuter, at whose instance the Shah was said to have determined upon his Western journey, above everybody. If she could only get his Imperial Highness to take any notice of her, that would be bliss indeed, and Mr. Cyril Clarke actually gave her hopes of it. He thought it not impossible that through his friend in the Foreign Office the Shah might be induced to believe that Evelyn Lodge was one of the centres of financial greatness, and that, as such, it was worth his while to visit it; the Persian Loan would certainly be all the better for the backing of Patterini and Company, while at Patterini's mansion his Imperial Majesty would have the opportunity of beholding a type of social life in financial circles.

Cyril broke this gorgeous project to his patroness with extreme caution, lest the vision of greatness thus disclosed should be too much for her, and his prudence was not misplaced.

She did not, however, faint, but she cried like a child, and wobbled all over like a jelly.

"If you do it, Cyril," gasped she—"if you bring his Imperial Highness the Shah of Persia beneath my humble roof, there is nothing—nothing that I can deny you. You have only to name your reward."

"Myra!" said Cyril, with his usual presence of mind.

The Baroness turned pale and swallowed something in her throat; but she was not one to go back from her word.

"If the Shah comes here," said she, "you shall have Myra."

(To be continued.)



Puck's Arranges.

THE CREAM OF THE BUCKET.

WHY, Angelina, how you have tanned!—*Boston Post.*

AND Ananias stood forth.—*Bible.* This was so that Agnes Jenks, Eliza Pinkston and John Sherman could stand first, second and third.—*New Haven Register.*

PEOPLE who have been to the springs, the lakes and the seashores, are now opening the front window-shutters and coming in from their summer retreats on the back stoops.—*Cin. Breakfast Table.*

ONE of the waiters at Dunbar's depot restaurant has learned to play a tune on the gong. Will Mr. Edison please hide himself or go away and chew iron for a while?—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

THE mortality among the colored people of the South from yellow fever is somewhat amazing, when we consider the drain that has been made upon that element of society to supply Georgia Minstrels and Jubilee Singers for the North.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

A HORSE and buggy was sold in front of the Merchants' Exchange, the other day, for \$35, the auctioneer remarking that at such a figure there was money in it as a speculation. All the purchaser had to do was to drive round the Park and manage to get run into by a rich man.—*San Francisco News Letter.*

SOME one alleges to have discovered that the reason Barbara Freitchie didn't wave a flag at Fredericktown, was because there was no Barbara Freitchie to wave it. Ten years hence some one will declare that there was no Southern rebellion, that Jeff. Davis was Hezekiah Longbottom, and lived in Berks county in a cave during the alleged war.—*Norristown Herald.*

A BUFFALO physician recommends champagne as a preventive of yellow fever, and the Buffalonians who used to sneak in the back door of saloons now boldly walk in the front entrance. Thus far not a single case of yellow fever has occurred in Buffalo.—*Norr. Herald.*

SLOB.

THE pouting Paternoster pokes at the lurid fence,
And the moaning moon mauls madly, mauls madly for ten cents.

The mealy-mouthed mosquito gnaws at his nether lip,
And the sad-eyed wandering lamp-post leers at the lonely ship.

The greedy green grass grizzled so glibly at our feet,
As the posthumous potato-bug snoozed sweetly in the sleet.

The lithe-limbed lizard lowed loudly as he limped along the lake,
And the jinker-jawed Juggernaut with ecstasy did quake.

The slab-sided son of a snail scratches his silky mane,
As the ruby-toed rhinoceros reeled through the roaring rain;

The turbulent tomato-cans threw taffy to the shad,
And the gamy gadfly giggled at the gander from Bagdad.

—*Graphic.*

BOGARDUS can make away with forty-nine fish-balls out of a possible fifty.—*St. Paul Globe.*

THE Shah of Persia has ninety wives. No wonder that he lies awake and chews tobacco in bed.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

WE judge from the language of Chas. Reade that he must have been reared among kicking mules.—*Cin. Breakfast Table.*

THE yellow fever hasn't entirely suspended business in New Orleans. There is occasionally a murder there.—*Phila. Kronikle-Herald.*

APPLES are so plenty in this market that boys decline to steal them even when the trees are left out of doors all night.—*Rome Sentinel.*

CHICAGOANS who haven't taken advantage of the bankrupt law, are looked upon with suspicion by their neighbors.—*Cin. Saturday Night.*

"THE height of impudence" has never been measured, no suitable opportunity having presented itself since Kearney's arrival.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

PUCK's portrait of his "Fitznoodle in America," and James Gordon Bennett, are taken from the same photograph. This is severe.—*Oil City Derrick.*

SEE here, how is this? Can't go into bankruptcy without paying your debts? What's this wretched country coming to, anyhow?—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

THE great scarcity of grasshoppers in the far west this summer will compel many of the destitute chairmen of relief associations to go to work.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A CANNON-BALL flies at the rate of six hundred feet in a second.—*Ex.* If that is a fact we wouldn't like to be a "second" in a duel were cannon were employed.—*Cin. Saturday Night.*

THINK of a Glasgow man throwing a glass of water in his wife's face to punish her infidelity! Seems a harmless way to lick-her. The amount of punishment depends, however, on whether he makes the Glas-go with the water.—*Phila. Evening Bulletin.*

THIS is a fact. An experienced clothing dealer, seeking to convince a prospective customer, lately gave himself away in this manner: "When you want to buy clothing cheap, come to me. I'm none of your blamed one-price establishments."—*Rome Sentinel.*

A BOY on West Hill started to school the opening day of the term, and before he was five blocks from home he lamed a dog, lost his geography, scared a horse, broke his slate, and had three fights. Times are looking up.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

"No, darling," he said, as his wife asked for a new dress, "I can't afford it. I feel it my duty to help the yellow fever sufferers," and then he went around the corner, and the bar-keeper handed out the bottle and a glass and let him help himself.—*Phila. Kronikle-Herald.*

JUDGMENT should take its time in shooting out the facts before it condemns a man simply on account of the company he happens to be found in. A writer for this paper slept between a couple of Congressmen the other night, but it was in a sleeping-car, and there was no other berth to be had.—*Cin. Breakfast Table.*

"FORGET thee?" wrote a young man to his girl, "forget thee? When the earth forgets to revolve; when the stars forget to shine; when the rain forgets to fall; when the flowers forget to bloom; then, and not till then, will I forget thee." Three months later he was going to see another girl with a wart on her nose and \$40,000 in bank.—*Norristown Herald.*

A CONCERT is to be held in an Indiana town next Friday night, and we are extremely desirous of attending it. One of the features of the programme is "Grandfather's Clock," to be sung by a young lady, and we have always had a strong desire to hear that song sung.—*Norristown Herald.*

How are the mighty fallen! The Great Eastern is to be used as a cattle-boat, between Texas and London.—*N. Y. Mail.* She is to have a new steering apparatus and to be called The Great Occident, instead of The Great Orient. It was in preparation for this use that she first brought over the submarine cabul.—*Phila. Evening Bulletin.*

"JASPER ADAIR" writes: "What is the significance if you drop your fork and it sticks upright in the floor?" We don't know what the superstition is, Jasper, but if you sit down to the table and break a cracker into your hat and then put your soup-plate on your head and walk out, it signifies that you are dangerously liable to get most awfully drunk.—*Hawkeye.*

It seems, by the dispatches, that President Davis, of the board of school trustees for the District of Columbia, was removed because he "prevaricated." That is, he was a citizen of Newbury, Mass., and voted there, and then, to obtain his appointment, made oath that he was not and never did. This is about as near as a man can run to "prevarication" and miss it. To go any closer than this is dangerous.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A FEW days ago a tramp, who was sparring his devious way along near Reno, conceived a brilliant idea for raising the wind. He knew that the Wells-Fargo stage would pass along that road in about half an hour, so he took off his coat, tore his shirt and pockets, rolled around in the dust, and finally tied himself, with much difficulty, to a tree. His intention was to relate to the stage passengers how he had been foully dealt with by highwaymen, and have a subscription to repair his losses taken up on the spot. The stage, however, took a short cut by a new road that day, and didn't go by at all. After waiting until dusk, the disgusted tramp concluded to remove his bonds, but before he got the first knot loose, a grizzly came down out of the mountain and picked off the greater part of his left leg.—*San Francisco News Letter.*

VASSAR COLLEGE didn't pay expenses last year. That is, it spent money Vassar than it made it. (This is pretty tame, but then you must remember it's about a college.)—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

THE time when a pious editor is excusable for knocking splinters from the third commandment is when he jabs the wrong end of his pen holder in his inkstand and hastily shoves it behind his ear without wiping it off.—*Whitehall Times*.

PROBABLY, at the last, dreadful day, when Gabriel sounds his trumpet, if he doesn't stop once or twice between the blasts, and shout, "General, General! Colonel, I say!" not more than two-fifths of the men in American cemeteries will get up.—*Hawkeye*.

SOME scientist has put a flea under a microscope, and describes exactly how it looks. When we get a flea we put him under our thumb-nail, and he looks as flat as a wafer when we get through with him.—*Cin. Breakfast Table*.

TAMPERING with the beard is always a dangerous experiment. An eminently respectable citizen, who shaved off his moustache last week, was mistaken for a noted base-ball player within less than two hours afterwards, and urgently entreated to pray for a sick man the following day. His wife bankrupted a broom-handle and demoralized a brand new silk-hat in chasing him out of the house, while a dog that he had fondled from puppyhood tore his pants, and the baby was scared so bad that it hasn't got through giving its mother the particulars yet.—*Cin. Breakfast Table*.

A FOUNDRY for the manufacture of pretzels from equal parts of iron ore, fire-clay and cement, is projected in this city. The process of manufacture will differ somewhat from the style of casting now in vogue, and will doubtless command the universal attention of workers in iron. The blast furnaces where the mass is melted are so constructed as to produce a heat ten times greater than that necessary for the casting of stove-lids, plow-points, &c. The molten metal is run into moulds, of the same beautiful design now in use, and served cold, with a little salt. The projectors claim that the materials to be employed will turn out a pretzel much more pliable, and in every way superior to those now manufactured.—*Oil City Derrick*.

A BOSTON man and his æsthetic daughter are spending the summer in this city. Last evening they were sitting on the front piazza, when the father requested the daughter to read him the evening paper.

"What shall I read about?" queried the Boston girl, as she opened the paper.

"Read the European news," responded the father.

The Boston girl began: "It is rumored that Beaconsfield will not accept the decoration of the —"

"Proceed," said the father, after a pause.

"I cannot," returned the Boston girl, blushing still deeper.

"Why not?" queried the father, in some surprise.

"Because I do not like to," replied the Boston girl, painfully.

"Nonsense," exclaimed the father sternly; "read the item, I tell you."

The Boston girl caught up the paper in desperation, stared at it in a stony manner, attempted to speak and fainted dead away.

When she had been restored and the excitement had subsided, the father took the paper out behind the house, turned to the dreadful item and read:

"It is rumored that Beaconsfield will not accept the decoration of the Garter!"—*Rockland Courier*.

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20 Prizes of 500.....	10,000
100 Prizes of 100.....	10,000
200 Prizes of 50.....	10,000
500 Prizes of 20.....	10,000
1000 Prizes of 10.....	10,000

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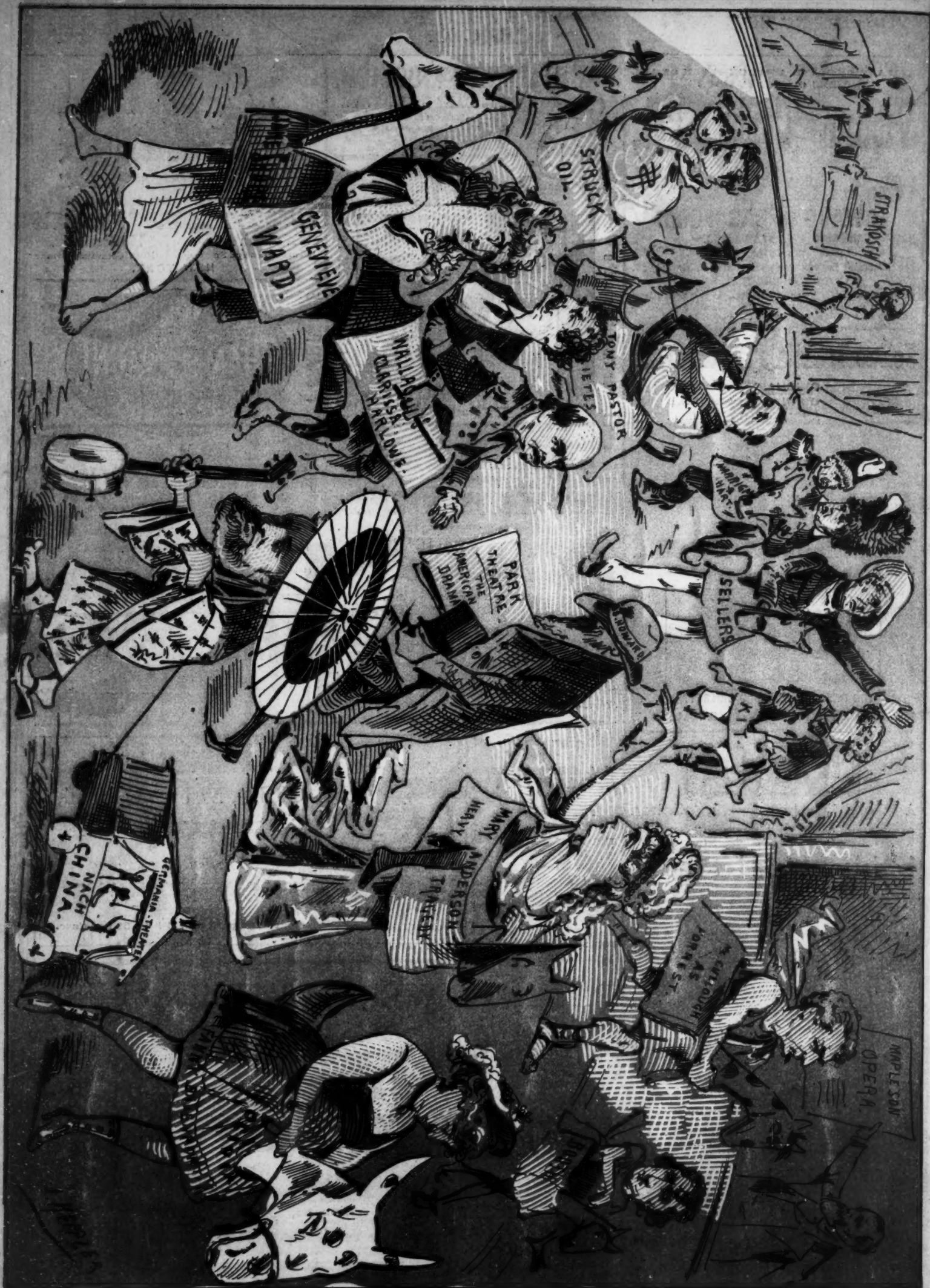
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